

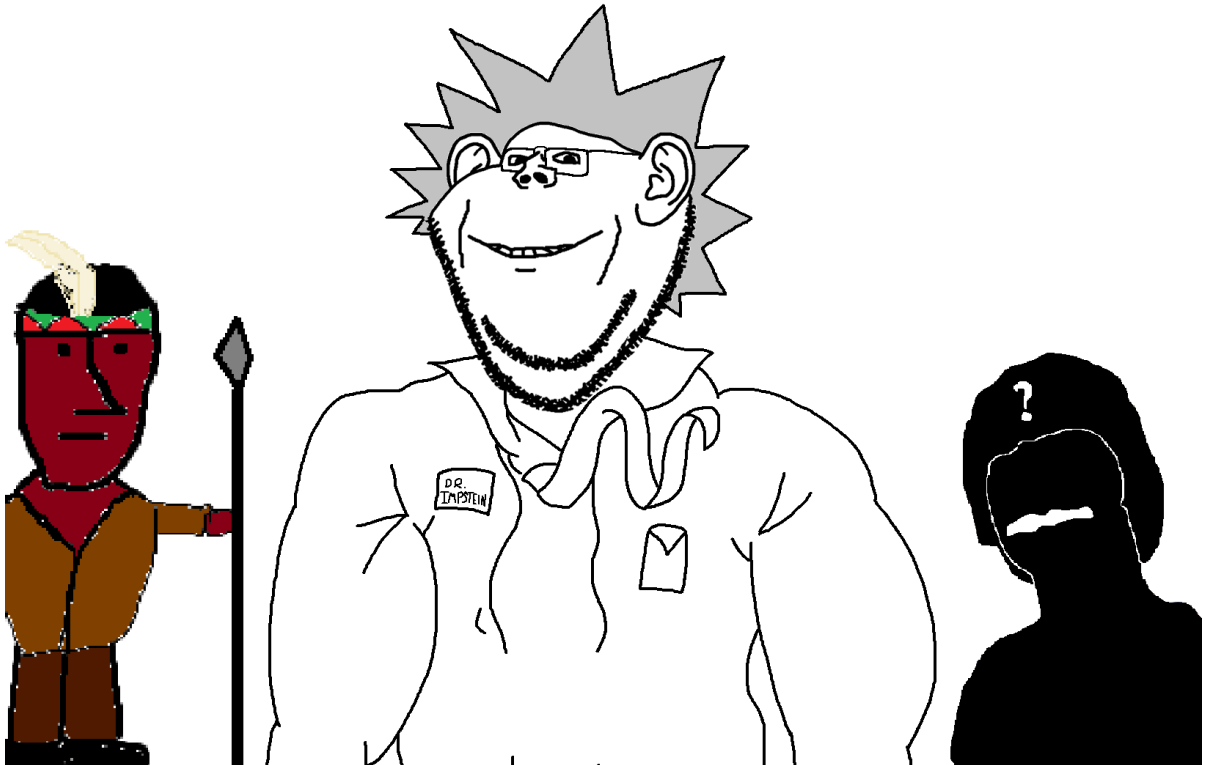
Impjak Adventures: Part II

Chud
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IMPJAK ADVENTURES

CHAPTER II





You pass around a pipe as a peace offering to the natives. The three, spear-wielding men accept you as a friend of the tribe and offer to bring you back with them to “the rez”.





In your state of drug-fueled psychosis, you devour one of the little Indian men whole. His compatriots do not look pleased.
THE NAJAVO NATION HAS DECLARED WAR ON YOU



You grab the spear and make a run for it. After an hour of sprinting you take shelter behind a rock. The Indians seem to have lost your trail for now.



You reach down to grab what you presumed to be a fingerboy's leg, before seeing the full figure of this strange

creature.

Hmmmm, he's not quite fingerboy, but he's not quite human either....



You give the creature a nudge with your foot to see if it reacts. You wait a few moments, but it doesn't move.

In your medical opinion, the creature and the babies(?) in its overcoat pocket are dead.



You don't know why, but the sight of the dead fingerlings causes you to become hopelessly sad. Why do you feel such a strong connection to these creatures? You try to think back to your past, but everything becomes hazy before you assumed control of Soystein's body.



In spite of your recent disregard for human life, you take the time to give the poor creature and its hatchlings a proper burial, using one of the native's bones that you regurgitated as a grave marker.



You take a moment to contemplate your awful and depressing life. You were born as a pickle, you took over some poor fellow's body after chewing through his insides, and now you've gone and gotten the entire Navajo nation to declare war on you.

"Am I evil?" you ask yourself. A voice calls back and answers you, "worse, you're smart."



You disregard the strange voice you heard and decide it would be best to go hunting for food before it gets dark. You spot a delicious bug hopping around from behind a rock.



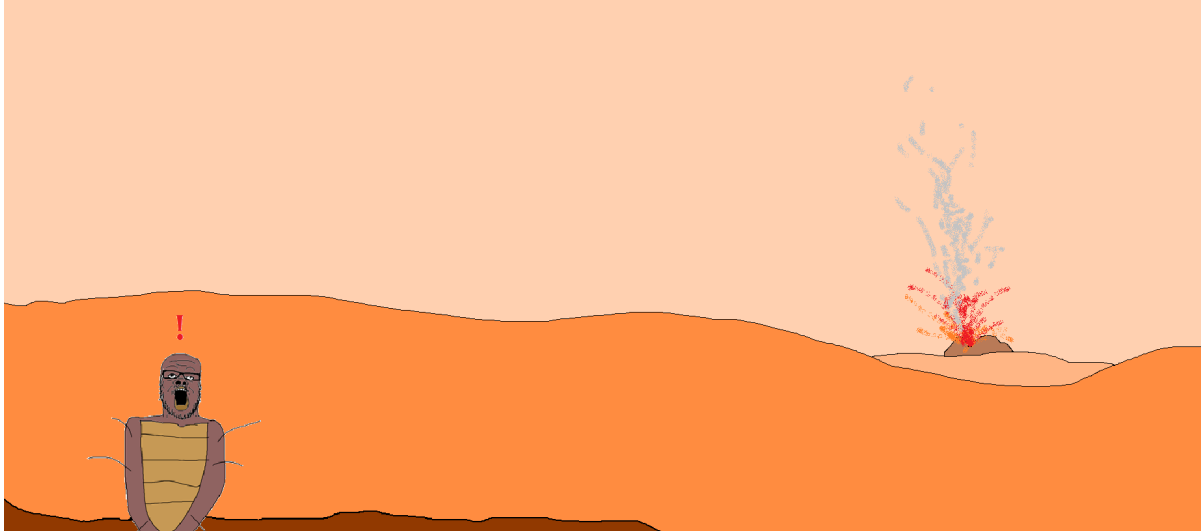
“Boo!” you shout, spooking the lil buggy.

“Who is that???” he replies.

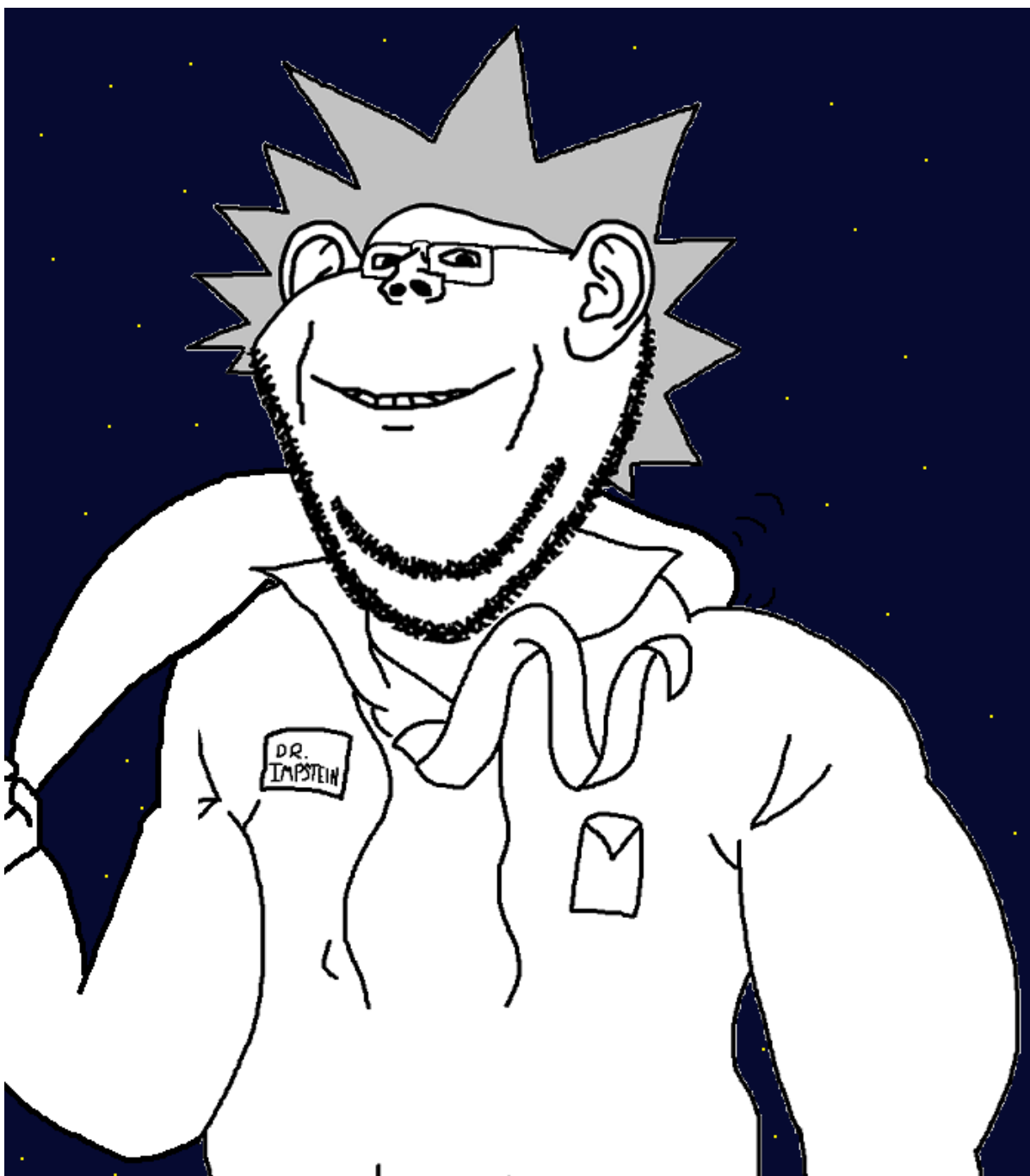
“Just me, lol,” you respond as you exit from behind the rock.

Impstein: “Sorry for spooking you little guy, I just wanted to get your attention.”

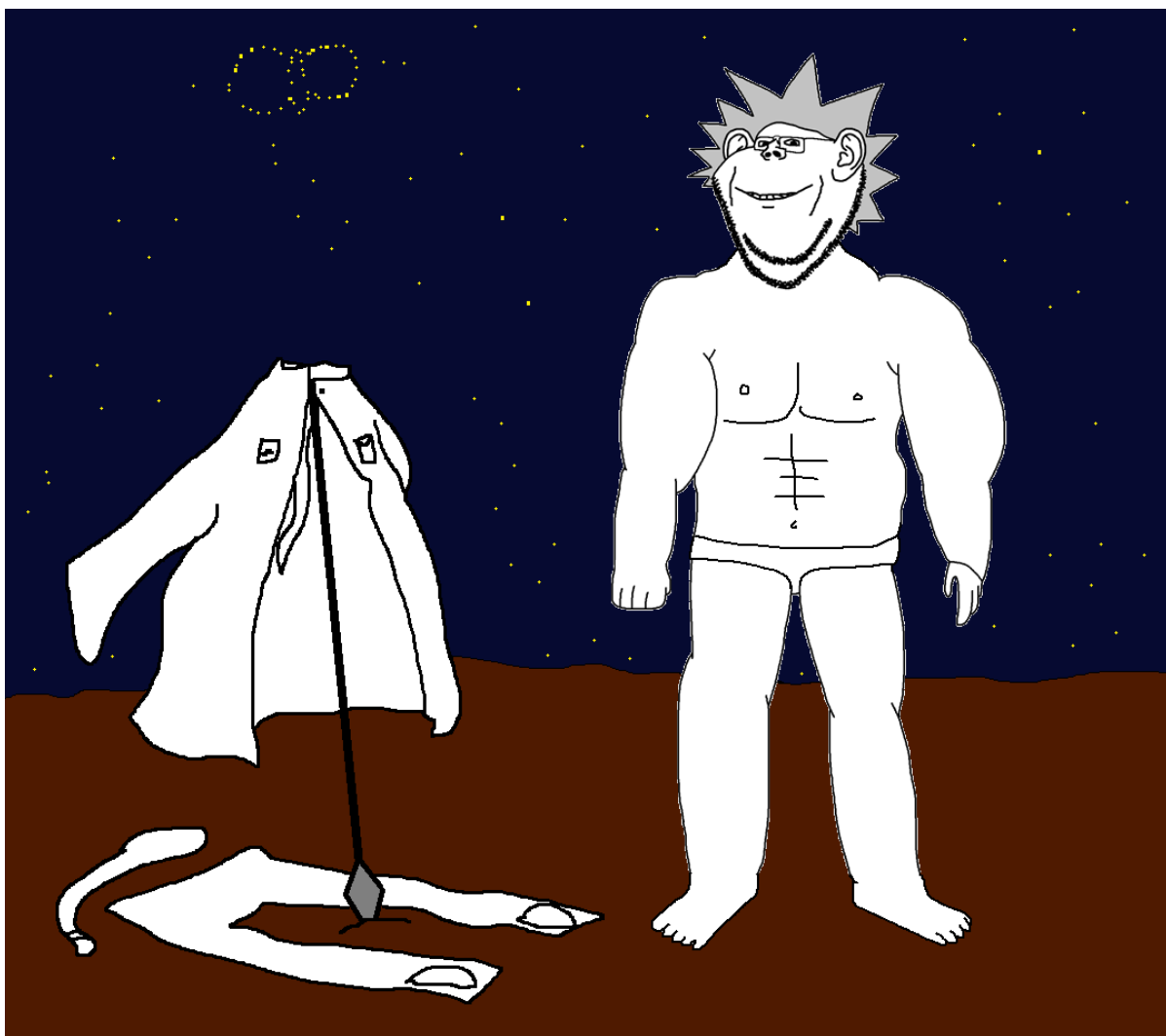
Bug: “It’s okay, what is it you wanted?”



You ask the six-legged fellow about the corpse you saw earlier. He tells you he doesn’t know about any corpses, but he did witness an eruption earlier from beyond the reservation that sent debris shooting into the air. Perhaps the corpse came from there.



Since he refuses to cooperate, you toss the bug into a sack and bring him with you as a bargaining chip. Nightfall descends on the reservation.



You construct a makeshift tent from your clothes, using the bugbag as a pillow. It's a beautiful night out here in the open air, you can even see the stars. Look, there's the nikocado constellation!



You go to sleep, but are awoken in the middle of the night by two Indians carrying away an unconscious Swede who looks oddly familiar to you. You don't know what to make of it, but assume that the cheese you ate earlier is just giving you hallucinations and fall back asleep.



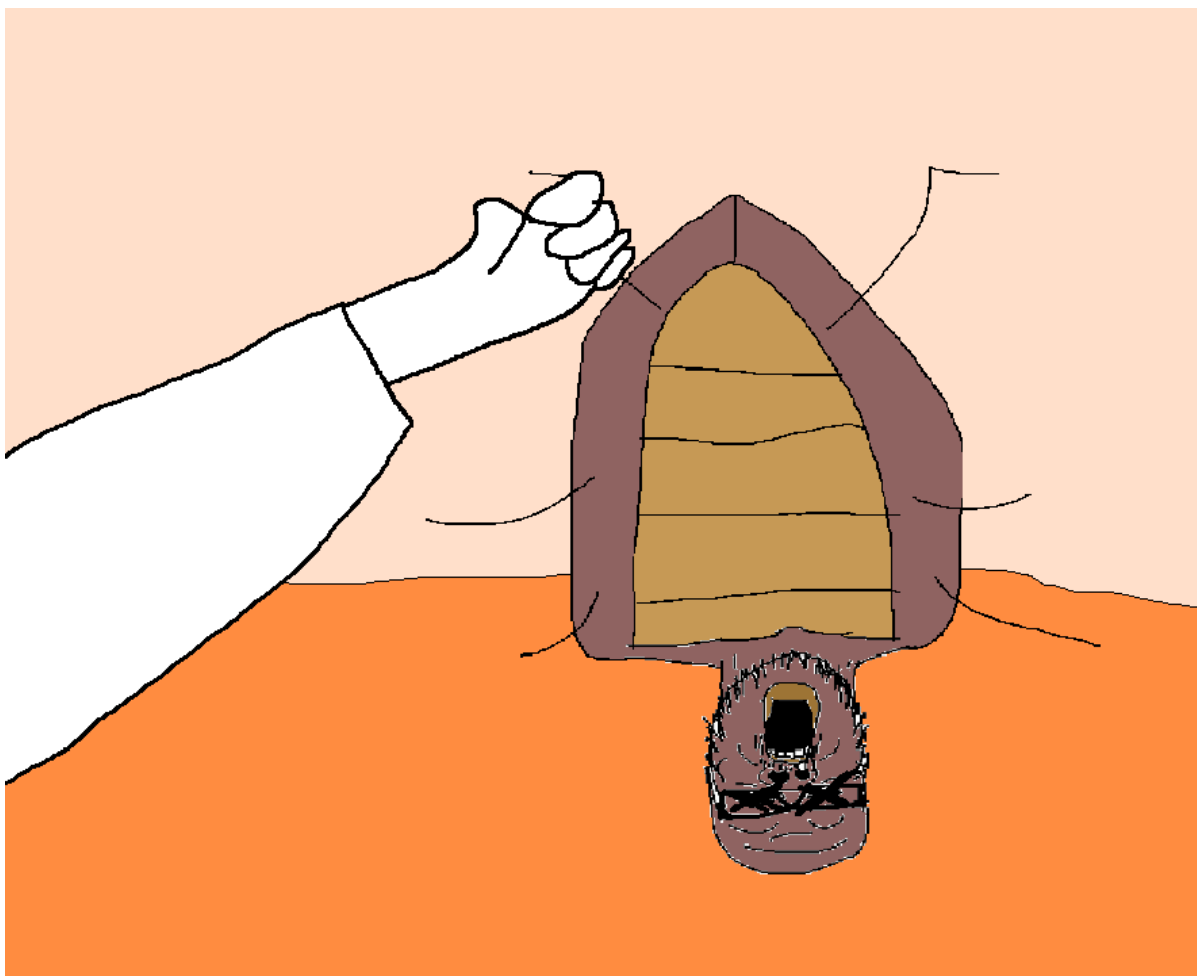
At the crack of dawn, you wake up and put your clothes back on. You travel towards the village you saw earlier when you first entered the reservation. You arrive at the gate.

Warning: the natives have orders to kill you on sight



You lift up the sack and tell the guard that you have a hostage, their dear friend buggy, in exchange for the man they captured last night.

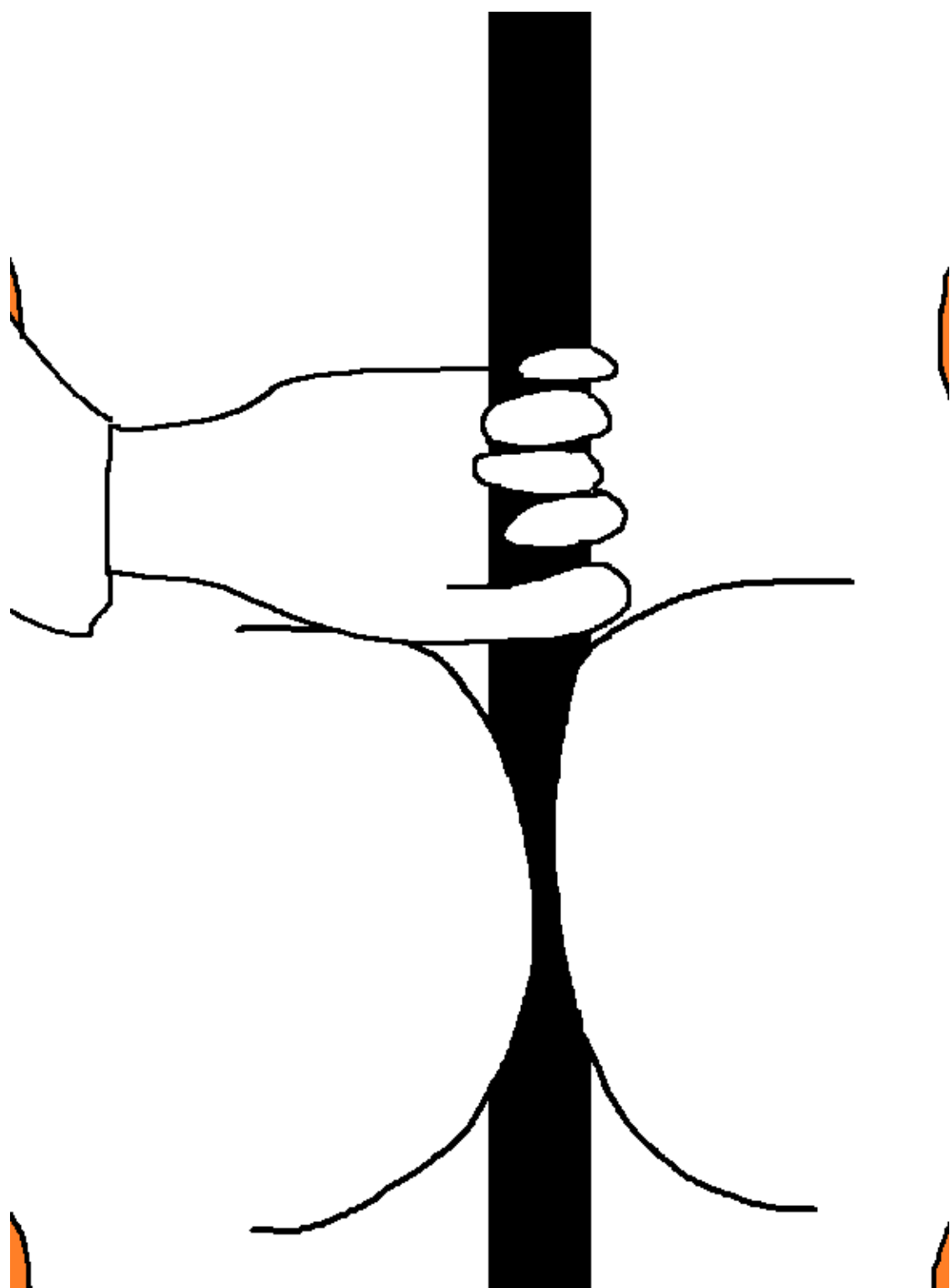
The guard raises an eyebrow. "Can I see the hostage?" he asks.

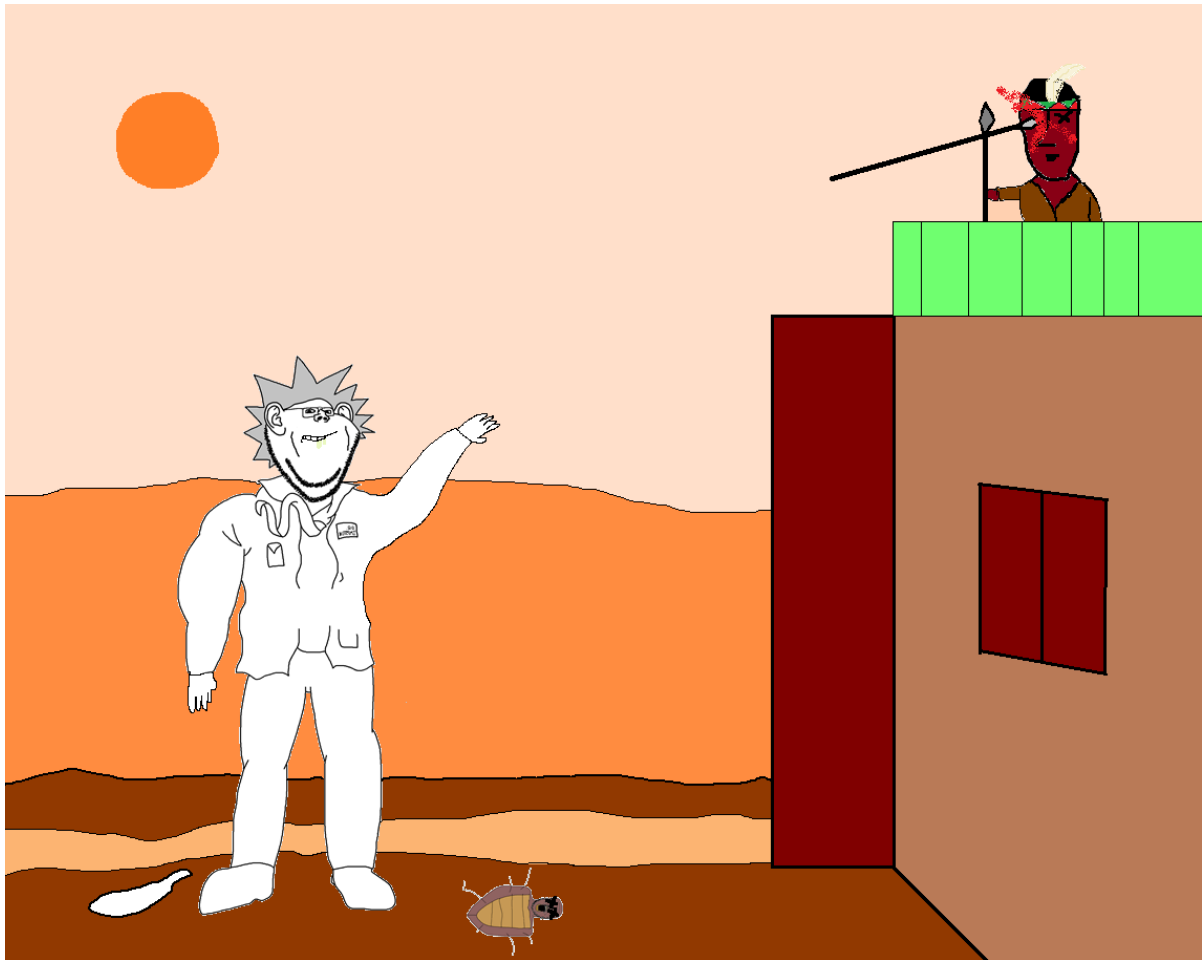


You take the hostage out to show the guard. He's dead.
Maybe you shouldn't have used him as a pillow.



In an attempt to remedy the situation, you try regurgitating some of the dead tribesman that you ate earlier. However, it seems that all of his remaining bones have been digested, so you only vomit up a little stomach acid onto your chin. The guard does not look pleased.





After several attempts on your part, it seems that there's no making peace with these savages. It looks like you're going to have to do this the hard way.

You carefully take out the spear that you were clenching between your muscular cheeks and toss it at the guardsman, killing him instantly.



You pick up the dead bug and toss him back in the sack to use as a flail. Using your superswedish strength, you break open the gate in a single, fiery punch.

Suddenly, you spot something on the horizon.
IT'S THE SWEDISH POLICE!